

their boat was usually attached, and with one fatal blow laid his young brother on the earth a lifeless form! so certain had been the maniac's aim. And now ere the other brother had time for escape or resistance, he had lifted the fatal weapon, and with another blow as sure as the first his second victim lay before him! His mother who had been watching him from the window, and her younger son who remained in the house with her, were soon on the spot, frantically endeavouring to secure the now infuriated madman. He immediately turned upon his mother with the same horrible design, but missing his aim she had time to enter the boat with her child and push off to the nearest quarter, for help and succour; when these were attained they rowed rapidly to the scene of this awful catastrophe.

The infuriated man was gloating over the deed he had committed, and expressing his satisfaction at the result. It was with great difficulty that he was at last secured. They then turned sadly to raise the two hapless boys for whom human assistance was of no avail. They were lying there—dead—murdered—by the hand of their own brother; it was a dreadful ordeal for the wretched mother, to gaze on her lifeless sons, and feel that in a measure the fault was hers, in yielding to the importunities of Matthew for release, and disregarding the counsels of those who warned her against so dangerous a course. It needs not the force of language to convey a sense of the distress and horror this deed brought to the afflicted family and all within the vicinity of the scene. It was sad indeed to see two fine youths cut down in the flower of their life, unwarned and unprepared, and the bereaved mother's grief was only equalled by her remorse.

Matthew was removed to the county jail for more secure confinement, and lingered out many years in hopeless insanity. He died at last without one gleam of returning reason. The other members of the family remained on the island, where they had first settled, but the old father soon descended to the grave, an event no doubt hastened by the shock he had received in the death of his two promising sons.

Mrs. Nass, great as was the trial, lived a long term of years after this fearful event. Her death only occurred about the year 1850. Ninety years was the span of her pilgrimage here, and how many of them were passed in sorrow and anguish of heart; the dreadful moment in which she witnessed the death of two sons by the hand of a third, must have been an ever present time, and embittered her life while memory remained. Who now when gazing upon that calm island, surmounted by giant oak trees, and slumbering so placidly in the calm ocean, would dream that it had been the scene of so much horror? It is well that nature does not retain the impress of crime or sorrow, or how few fair spots would there be left for our admiring scan. It is far better that those fearful secrets are hidden as they are, for such knowledge only serves to darken the fair portions of earth, and makes our place of pilgrimage in very truth a desolation.